

# Christ is Victor

March – April 1997

## “Ye Shall Receive Power”

*The words of the Great Commission are silenced because the voice of the Spirit is silenced!*

In the Book of Acts we have one of the greatest promises in the Bible, “Ye shall receive power!” (1:4-8) The power of the Holy Ghost will indwell these temples of clay! Power to pray; power to witness; power to live holy lives! Power to do the works of God!

But listen again: “Out of your inmost being shall flow **rivers of living water**” (John 7:37 ff). Rivers! Mighty Amazons of life-giving waters! God is promising that the character and fruit and gifts of the Spirit may be had in abundant supply.

Are these promises difficult to believe? Can we have God in such abundance and power? Oh my friends, to have God is to have His promises. And God has always longed for intimate fellowship with man.

Adam and Eve had the privilege of walking with God in the cool of the day—that was wonderful. But God said, “I want to come closer than that.”

God came down on Mt. Sinai and invited Moses to enter into His very presence. There in that awful majesty, God revealed His law. That was wonderful. But God said, “I want to come closer than that. I want to enter into intimate fellowship with humanity.”

So He commanded Moses to build a tabernacle. And in the tabernacle he placed the ark and the mercy seat. Then

God came down. The Talmud claims that a pale blue light hovered over the mercy seat. God dwelt in the holy of holies in the tabernacle. But God said, “I want to come closer than that.”

Again God came down. This time in the form of human flesh. He was born as a babe and dwelt among us. He suffered and died for us and yet amazingly, God said, “I want to come closer than that.”

“If you will tarry in the upper room, I will come down and move inside of you.” That is almost too sacred to talk about! What wonder! The triune God, in the person of the Holy Ghost, dwelling in this unworthy temple of mine!

Two wills can’t co-exist on the same throne. One of them must reign—your will or God’s.

God doesn’t take away our personalities. That’s not the point I am making. He doesn’t destroy our wills; but our wills are swallowed up in God’s will.

When I take the vow of full consecration I belong to God, inside and out, from head to toe, for time and eternity! I’m not my own. I have no right to use my body for selfish purposes. It’s either Christ on the throne or self on the throne!

How independent we are: “I belong to God,” we say, but inwardly we are deter-

## “Too Far to Walk”

*(Our story continues from the life of Hudson Taylor after his infection with a deadly disease while performing an autopsy.)*

Hudson’s first reaction to the doctor’s startling pronouncement was one of sorrow and disappointment. If he were dying, that meant he could not go to China. China! How he had longed to go there! How deep had been his conviction that God had a work for him in that land! It seemed impossible that he had been mistaken about it all. And then the thought came—had he been mistaken? If God really intended him to go to China, thought Hudson, then he must get better, in spite of the doctor’s assertion that there was no hope.

This he tried to explain. He was not at all afraid to die, he pointed out. Indeed, the prospect of being with his Master, whom he was learning to love very much, was a very inviting one. However, he was sure he had a work to do for Him in China first, and therefore he must be pulled through this illness.

“That’s all very well,” the doctor rejoined impatiently. This was no time for the young student to reason why he should live, when it was evident he was going to die! “You get home as fast as you can. You’ve no time to lose. You’ll soon be quite incapable of winding up your affairs...”

It was hardly a cheerful motive for hurrying, and, anyway, he had not enough money to pay the fare for the four-mile ride to Soho. Hudson smiled a little wryly to himself as he departed. He dragged

*Two wills can't co-exist on the same throne.*

mined to paddle our own canoe. No you won't! Not if you want the power of God!

How grieved He is when we go places we shouldn't go, and say things we shouldn't say, and indulge in things we shouldn't do—just because we want to gratify the desires of the flesh!

The attitude of the consecrated man or woman is, "Does God want me to go to that place? Is God pleased with my attitudes? My words? My activities?"

The reason so many can live so carelessly is because the Spirit has been grieved. His voice is silenced. They have usurped the throne that belongs to God alone.

This is the reason people can say so flippantly, "I see things differently now; there was a time I didn't work on Sunday and dress like the world and go to the places of the world. But things like that don't bother me now."

Why? The Spirit is grieved! His voice is silenced!

It's a wonderful thing to be led by the Spirit. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God" (Romans 8:14). That's the distinction between the Christian and the world. The world follows the lust of the flesh; the child of God seeks the mind of the Spirit. He lives in the place where he can sense the checks and the leadership of the Spirit!

The Greek word used for power in Acts is *dunamis*. It's the word from which we get our English word "Dynamite." I tell you, it's going to take dynamite to

move some folks!

Do I have the person of the Holy Ghost abiding unhindered in me? How can I know? What does the Bible say? "Ye shall receive power!"


A little group of sun-tanned fishermen, a tax-collector and a few others tarried in the upper room until God fulfilled this promise and that small group went out to evangelize the whole then-known world, and their exploits have never been duplicated since!

We have more money, faster transportation and improved communications, but in spite of it all, we are falling further behind.

The words of the Great Commission are silenced because the voice of the Spirit is silenced! I believe the words of the Commission mean: DON'T YOU EVER DARE LET ANYBODY COME TO THE JUDGMENT BAR OF GOD WITHOUT HEARING THE GOSPEL AT LEAST ONE TIME! That's the commission of the church!

Will we have to wade through the blood of 500 million Chinese? There was a day when China was wide open to the Gospel. The call went out, "Send us missionaries; send us money." But we were too busy modernizing our houses; eating, drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. Instead of the Gospel, Communism spread its evil shadow across that vast land. I ask you, WILL WE HAVE TO WADE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF 500 MILLION CHINESE TO GET TO HEAVEN? WILL WE BE DROWNED IN THEIR BLOOD?

Are we satisfied to settle for the puny

power of human impotence when Satan in these last days is working furiously to drag every soul he can to destruction and damnation? Do we really believe God? Do we believe His promises? Are we willing to surrender the throne of our lives to His sovereign control? Are we willing to receive His gracious promises: "YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER!" "OUT OF YOUR INNERMOST BEING SHALL FLOW RIVERS OF LIVING WATER! 

—H. Robb French

*Inwardly we are determined to paddle our own canoe.*

## Say What?

"Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Proverbs 3:5-6

## CHRIST IS VICTOR

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himself slowly alone the road to the place where he could get on an old horse-drawn omnibus, and wearily climbed into it, conscious of the pain in his arm as the clumsy vehicle rumbled and bumped along the streets. When at last he reached his lodging and climbed slowly up the three flights of stairs to his attic, he was exhausted. Hoping, however, to do anything that might save his life, he cut his own finger open to let out some of the poison. The pain was intense-and that was the last thing he remembered. He fell unconscious to the floor.

For some weeks Hudson lay in his bed, too weak to move from his room. When he had been found in a dead faint on the floor, an artist uncle of his who lived near by had been called, and this kindly man had taken charge of him, sending immediately for a doctor and taking no notice of Hudson's protest that he could not afford to pay the bill.

"He is my own medical man and the bill will be sent to me," he said reassuringly. "Don't worry over that." But when the doctor arrived and heard Hudson's story, he looked grave.

"Well," he said frankly. "If you've been living moderately you may pull through. But if you've been going in for alcohol and that sort of thing, I'm afraid there's no hope..."

With vivid memories of apples and brown bread washed down by cold water, Hudson was able to reassure him on that point! If recovery depended on having avoided living it up, he knew of no one who stood a better chance!

"But now," said the doctor. "It's going to be a hard struggle. You must do everything possible to keep up your strength. A bottle of port wine every day, and as many chops as he can eat!" he told Hudson's uncle. That sort of diet did not appeal to Hudson, but he did his best with it, and after many days and nights of suffering he was at last able to move out of his room and lie for an hour or two on a sofa in the boarding-house lounge. It was not until then that he learned that two other medical students, who had become infected about the same time as he, were both dead. Why had his life, then been saved? He felt it could be for no other purpose than that there was a work for him to do in China.

One day when the doctor came, after expressing satisfaction at the progress

made by his patient, he said: "The best thing you can do now is to get off to the country as soon as you feel fit to make the journey. You must rest until you have gained more strength. If you start work too soon, the result may still be serious."

When he had gone Hudson lay back on the sofa to review his position. "Get off to the country!" His thoughts flew to the cozy, happy home in Yorkshire; the Cudworth road along which he had raced so often as a child, merrily bowling his hoop, and teasing Amelia as she came trotting breathlessly behind, corkscrew curls abob; the shady glades of the Lunn Woods, where butterflies fluttered, and birds' nests could be found; the distant view of the Pennines. "Get off to the country!" The doctor's order was wholly attractive, and commended itself to him in every way! Hudson realized that he was still far too weak to attempt the strenuous life in the hospital yet, and obviously there was nowhere he could regain his health so quickly as in his own home. There was only one obstacle in the way-he had no money at all for the fare.

Actually, as he well knew, the money could be obtained with the utmost ease just for the asking. His kindly uncle would undoubtedly be more than willing to lend it. And were he to drop the smallest hint in a letter home, his fare and more would arrive by return of post. But as he lay on the sofa, exhausted as he was after the effort of walking down the stairs, there was something in him that refused to consider taking the easy and obvious course. He wanted to try out this method of getting used to relying on God to answer his prayers, instead of depending on the people who certainly would not be present to help him in China. He closed his eyes as he lay there and, explaining this to God, asked Him what he should do.

After this prayer he remained quiet for a while, thinking over the matter. If he had not forwarded that money to Mrs. Finch, he thought, he would have had enough. And if only Finch had not chosen to desert his ship at that particular time, he would have been able to draw the money. Then the thought came that perhaps if he went to the shipping office

# Easter Retreat

March 28th through 30th

Call any number listed on page 4  
for more info.

he might even yet be able to draw it. Although it seemed most unlikely, since he had forwarded the remittance to Mrs. Finch entirely on his own responsibility, the thought persisted.

Was God putting it into his mind, he wondered. Or was it just a silly idea of his own? He was not sure. So he closed his eyes again and prayed, asking God which it was. Because if the idea did come from God, the fact remained that the shipping office was two miles away, and he had not the money needed to ride there! To walk, of course, was simply out of the question. It had been necessary for someone to help him even walk down the stairs! Yes, to walk was out of the question-but was it? Was it? To his own surprise, Hudson found himself thinking, that perhaps it was not out of the question, after all. God had already done some quite remarkable and unexpected things after he had prayed. Jesus Christ had said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." He had said it eighteen hundred years before, but as Hudson lay on the boarding-house sofa, it all seemed suddenly real and up-to-date. There was something very convincing about that calm assertion. "Whatever you ask in my name, I will do it." In view of it, to walk to the shipping office in Cheapside no longer seemed out of the question. Obviously all that was necessary was to ask to be strengthened to do it. So that is what Hudson did. Then he rang for the boarding-house servant, and asked her to go up and fetch his hat and stick. And when that respectful but somewhat surprised young lady handed them to him, he slowly emerged from the house, and turned along the quiet street into the busy thoroughfare leading towards the City.

His progress, admittedly, was slow. He showed an unusual interest in the contents of shop windows, pausing at almost every other one to lean against the glass.

Ladies in crinolines swept past him as he continued his deliberate, leisurely pace, and street vendors called in vain to him to buy their goods. He did not so much as turn his head to watch an elegant coach with briskly trotting horses come smartly along the street—indeed, it is doubtful whether if the young Queen Victoria herself had driven past he would have roused himself to look. But gradually the ground was covered. He had asked for strength to walk it, he reminded himself as he faced the sharp incline that led to Cheapside, and strength would surely be given—walk it he did. He arrived safely at the shipping offices and sat down on the steps before attempting to climb the stairs up to the first floor. It was a little unusual, he realized, to take a seat just there. The top-hatted gentlemen who hurried past him, up and down the stairs, evidently thought so, too. They eyed him with some surprise, as though thinking, "Tut, tut! Quite a respectable looking young fellow, too..." However, no one spoke to him, and eventually he reached the top and entered the office.

This was the crucial moment.

After all the exertion of the two-mile walk, was he to be met with a disappointment? But somehow Hudson felt it was going to be all right. And it was! The clerk who greeted recognized him immediately.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," he exclaimed. "It turns out that after all it was not the mate Finch who ran away, but an able seaman of the same name. I shall be glad to give you the half-pay due to Mrs. Finch up to date. It will no doubt reach her more safely through you than through her husband. His ship has just reached Gravesend, and we all know the temptations these men meet when they come ashore after a voyage." He looked keenly at the young medical student, standing so pale and obviously weak. "But before I give you the money," he continued, "you must have a rest and something to eat. I'm just going to have my lunch. You must come inside and share it with me."

Gratefully Hudson accepted the kind invitation, and glad enough he was of the opportunity to rest as well as eat! He made his journey back to Soho in an omnibus, too! He could afford it now! But the effort he had made seemed to have done him good rather than harm. The next morning he felt so much better that he had no hesitation about going round to the doctor's surgery to settle his bill. His uncle had already done so much for him,

Hudson was unwilling to leave him to pay it and then spend his own money on railway fares to go home for a holiday. And although he realized that by paying the doctor's bill himself he would almost certainly be left with insufficient money to buy his ticket, it seemed the only honourable thing to do. So off he went to the doctor. And there a further pleasant surprise awaited him. The doctor refused to charge him anything.

"You're a young medical student," he said firmly. "As such, I shall charge you nothing for my services."

"But medicines..." remonstrated Hudson. "All that quinine. I ought to pay for that."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Quinine. You can pay for the quinine, and that's all."

Hudson made a rapid mental calculation as he handed over the surprisingly small sum. When his bills were paid, there would be just enough left for his railway fare to Yorkshire, the omnibus journey to his home, and the necessary food for the journey to his home, and the necessary food for the journey! He was overjoyed. This was wonderful! At every step he found his affairs were planned out to what seemed perfection. He simply could not keep it all to himself, this amazing evidence that God was fully prepared to take responsibility for the ordering of his life. And if for his, most certainly for others, too. The doctor must be told.

"Pardon me, sir," he said respectfully. "But I wonder if you will allow me to speak to you freely, without being offended. I feel that under God I owe my life to your care and attention, and I am truly grateful. And there is something I want to tell you about..." Whereupon he related the whole story of his reason for being in London, his intention to find out if God really answered prayer before he went to China, and the things he had experienced in doing so. The surgeon listened with kind, though sceptical interest until Hudson told him of his walk to Cheapside the previous day. But that he could not believe.

"Impossible," he exclaimed. "Why, I left you lying on that sofa looking more like a ghost than a man!"

"I did walk it, indeed, sir," asserted Hudson, explaining that he had prayed in the Name of Jesus to be strengthened to do it, before starting out.

"Do you mean you walked—you did not even go by omnibus?"

"No, I walked."

"All the way from Soho to Farringdon Street, and then up Snow Hill to Cheapside...?"

"Yes, sir..."

The doctor was interested now. It seemed incredible that one who had been so weakened by illness could take a two-mile walk alone through London's busy streets, and be none the worse for it. He listened to the recital, the happy outcome of the walk, and the money received, how Hudson had been able to settle all his bills, and last of all, that after the price of the quinine was paid, he had just enough in hand to see him home. There was a restrained yet evident joy about the convincing way Hudson told his story that touched the older man's heart. This practical confidence in a God who, after all, could neither be seen nor heard, was something new to him. Tears welled slowly up in his eyes as he looked at the strangely radiant expression of the open-faced boy before him, and he said in a voice deepened by emotion:

"I'd give all the world for a faith like yours."

"You can have it, you know, sir," answered Hudson quietly. "It's free to all—with-out money and without price." ¶

*(Excerpt from God's Adventurer, by Phyllis Thompson. Published by Overseas Missionary Fellowship Ltd. Singapore, 1987.)*

## Weekly Meetings —Welcome to All—

**Ann Arbor** every Sunday Morning  
at 10:00 am

Ann Arbor YMCA, (See front desk for room.)  
Call (313) 741-1912

**University of Michigan** Mondays 7:00 pm  
Angell Hall, Room G-144

Call (313) 741-1912

**University of Windsor** Sundays 5:45 pm  
Call (519) 977-9636

**St. Clair College:** (519) 977-9636

**Oakland University:** (810) 620-1306

For info on other meetings, Call:

**Detroit:** (810) 442-2806

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## Hear "The Lord's Challenge" Weekly Gospel Radio

**South Bend, IN:** 103 FM (WHME) Sun. 8:30 pm

**Buffalo, NY:** 99.5 FM (WDCX) Sat. 9:00 am

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**Shortwave** (Sundays at 2:15 pm, EST)

WHRI 19 Metre band 15.355 MHz

**Des Moines, IA:** 1460 (KDMI) Sun. 10:30 & 1:45 am

**Fort Wayne, IN:** 1090 AM (WFCV) Sat. 4:00 pm

**Chattanooga, TN:** 1450 AM (WMOC) Sat. 3:30 pm

**Council Bluffs, IA:** 1560 AM (KLNG) Sat. 3:45 pm

**Atlanta, GA:** 86 AM (LOVE 86) Sun. 2:00 pm

**In Guyana - GBC -** Sundays at 6:30 pm